

Smile

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Summary: A smile can say a lot of things. That's why it's always so nice to see one. Short Softshipping fic. Attempt at fluff.

***Chapter 1*: Smile**

***Hello all. Thanks for stopping by.
Well, get reading!***

He was handsome. There was no denying that. It was true, there was no two ways about it. Yet, he was a different kind of handsome than she was used to. It was... *darker*, in a sense. He was not like Isaac in how he was attractive. He didn't have anything bright or airy about him, there was something more... *masculine, powerful*, about him. He wasn't the white knight. Maybe that's what made him so appealing to her, the fact that he was new, different... the black knight.

Everything about him was a shade darker than it was for any of the other men on board, as though he had done things the others wouldn't... it was kind of exciting. His bearing, his presence, how the air would change when he entered a room. That slight danger, that *mystery* behind him. She knew of course that there was no fear of danger from him, he did all he could to protect his friends, and she was proud to say she had become one.

The soft, long strands of dark-chestnut hair framed and hid his face. The tanned, toned, surface that always seemed to avoid the light, and yet was always highlighted. Part of his right eye was always covered by the locks that fell down over it, as though they were hiding something. She always wanted to brush it away and gaze into his two dusky, tempting, chocolate, eyes unhindered by the silken brown around them.

They were so... *deep*. They had the faintest trace of green throughout them, working outward from his pupils. The brown tones looked so soft though, even when behind his steely glares in battle. Whenever she would lock eyes, an occasion that happened frequently enough, with him, she always felt herself becoming lost in them before she was torn away as his gaze left her.

Hers would then roam and find his lips next, lips that never curved upward even slightly. No, it was always calm, controlled, peaceful. He always looked so serene, provided he wasn't worried or angry, in which he would then frown or scowl enough to concern the others, that was an odd occurrence though. He was usually capable of maintaining his cool.

Still... she so wished she could see him smile... especially if it was for her.

She was beautiful. No one would argue that statement. She was stunning, it was almost ethereal. She seemed beyond the world from which he resided in. In everything from how she seemed to be able to calm or help anyone. There was something so bright about her, a slight air that seemed to catch whatever light was around her. Just being near her made him feel... relaxed.

Her presence was so sedative, especially amidst the colour and personality that was their group. Not to say she was boring, heavens no, but it was nice to have a quieter member of the party with them. He liked things quiet, to be unassuming and uncomplicated. She was all of that and more, which was a welcome break in the chaotic and frenzied days they faced. He was always glad to have her nearby.

The delicate streams of her azure locks always hung from her so gracefully, surrounding the pristine paleness of her face, flowing down her back effortlessly. He imagined it was so soft. It was her face though, something about the pastel white tone that always drew his eye. How shadow and light comingled upon it, how it surrounded two of the most beautiful eyes he would ever see. They were simple, yet amazingly complex all in one.

They were blue, it was a typical colour and it very much suited her, but it was the splendour and variation of the blue throughout that he always marvelled at. They were always bright, shining even. The mix of sapphire and aqua tones streaked throughout amazed him. He found himself becoming entranced whenever their eyes met. That was until he would realise and he would tear his eyes away for fear of embarrassment or making her uncomfortable.

As he would glance away, his eyes would always drift over her mouth and it would always be curved upward into such a serene smile. It wasn't a full smile, like a beam or gleam of any form, but it was more than her just looking peaceful. Her lips curved upward just enough to be noticeable, to make her cheeks rise a little. It was such a simple beauty, it was so effortless.

Yet there was something very down to earth about her appearance, that was ever so endearing to him as well. It was the little things that charmed him, like how he had seen her early in the mornings with her hair uncombed, the strands of cerulean silk frizzy and tangled around her. How she sometimes slurped her soup. How she sometimes panicked during some situations. How her cheeks would often earn an unnecessary amount of pink. How, no matter what, she would always smile her smile.

Still... sometimes he wished he could see her with more than her normal smile... especially if it was for him.

The sun had not long set, and some of its golden-orange was still shimmering on the surface of the seas they sailed. The rest of the group were busy doing their own things, but he was determined to change at least one dynamic this night. He was tired of the blasted tightness in his chest whenever he would look at her, the feeling that prevented him from doing anything more than staring at his lap to hide himself.

She was standing on the deck, staring out at the sea, smiling at the iridescent colours of it all. He found his heart was beating much faster than he was accustomed to as he approached her, much more silently than he realised, as when he spoke she seemed startled.

"Mia?"

"Oh, Felix." Her smile remained after the brief startle he had given her.

"I was wondering..." He found that her smile was growing for some reason, seemingly matching the heat he felt in his cheeks, *"If you wouldn't mind some company."*

"I'd love some." She smiled. And for the first time, Felix saw Mia smile a full, gleaming smile. As he turned to the sea beside her he realised that he too was smiling, just as wide as she was.

They spent the remainder of their waking hours together, keeping the others smile alive and full amidst their slightly pink cheeks.

***So...? Don't keep me waiting, what did you think?
If you say it's short I'll be forced to track you down.
Thanks again for reading lads and ladettes!***

***Your friend and writer,
Droory***